

## The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call ( Wynter Quinnell )

### Chapter 241 Lesson Taught

Yarra's eyes, which had long been devoid of light, welled up with tears. She dared not cry out

loud.

The note read "you guys," not just "you." This subtle distinction implied that Wynter had caught on to her hint and noticed the cellar. Standing by the bed, her heart raced.

"My sister asked you to get a bag. Why are you taking so long?" Gary scowled impatiently. "What are you looking at?"

Yarra's scalp tingled, and she suddenly grabbed his **hand**. "Help me get out. Save me..."

"Another episode of madness," Gary scoffed as he snatched the bag away. He rummaged through it, finding nothing but a box of silver needles and a piece of paper.

"She looks wealthy. Didn't expect her to be **so** poor," Gary remarked with a **pout**.

Yarra breathed a sigh of relief. She admired Wynter's boldness and attention to detail. She wrote in Eranian, and not Scandonese, probably to avoid detection.

Gary was academically hopeless. He couldn't even understand simple words in Elmstian. Others didn't even graduate from primary school, **so** this was the safest approach.

However, Yarra was worried about Wynter's situation, given that she was facing the Macintoshes. Yarra clenched her fists anxiously.

She had tried to escape over 50 times in the two years she had been here but succeeded only three times. The consequences worsened with each failed attempt. Havenlight County was too vast for her to escape.

Given the Macintoshes' protection over their illicit activities, what hope did she have once she ventured beyond the village? Yarra didn't distrust Wynter. It was her firsthand experience that made her realize it wasn't that simple.

Unbeknownst to Yarra, Wynter was currently livestreaming, educating the public about ways to prevent human trafficking.

Dickson couldn't have imagined that she would be livestreaming, and the family was still blissfully unaware of it.

As soon as Hubert entered the room, his eyes were glued to Wynter. Even without Fanny's introduction, Hubert knew exactly who he was going to meet today.

Wynter embodied everything he fantasized about—long legs, a slender waist, and a captivating face. Hubert was originally reluctant to come over, but now he was glad he did.

## Chapter 241 Lesson Taught

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No one in the village could compare to him. They were desperate for wives, resorting to dubious tactics and deceiving young girls.

He, on the other hand, had no shortage of suitors lining up to marry into the prestigious Macintosh family. But Hubert was picky. His preference for delicate and young virgins led to his string of failed marriages.

While officially citing lost feelings as the reason for each breakup, in reality, he simply grew weary of his spouses and sought new companionship.

His father advised him to settle down and avoid drawing attention from higher authorities, especially with his impending promotion.

Hubert found his father's advice sensible and, taking into account Wynter's background as a trained doctor from the city, he agreed to meet her. Now, faced with her ethereal beauty, he couldn't help but feel intrigued.

dear."

Hubert stepped forward, extending his hand toward her. "You must be the eldest daughter of Madam Fanny who went missing," he said. "I'm Hubert, pleased to meet you, my

"I feel sick! This is revolting!" a comment popped out.

"Don't shake his hand, Dr. Genius! He looks sleazy!" another viewer added.

"He looks older than my dad! I can't believe this, what did that matchmaker say?"

"She mentioned that his father is the village chief, surnamed Macintosh! Please help her, @HavenlightCountySafeTourism and @ParadiseVillageSaviours!"

"Dr. Genius, please be safe! @HavenlightCountySafeTourism, why aren't you responding yet?"

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

## Chapter 242 Reporting Them to the Police

Under the dim lights, Wynter suddenly smiled. “I heard you work in the village council,” s  
he

**said.**

“I do,” Hubert replied, assessing Wynter without taking her question seriously.

Wynter continued, “What if I told you I was deceived into coming here? How would the Paradise Village Council handle that?”

“You’re talking nonsense!” Fanny exploded, reaching out to grab Wynter.

Cheryl Macintosh stepped in, clearly displeased. “So, the Quirks are trying to **palm** off t  
his unruly troublemaker onto my nephew without even getting her in line?”

“She wasn’t like this earlier!” Fanny was furious at Wynter, thinking she had been

pretending all along. She feared that if the Macintoshes got angry, it would spell trouble  
for their whole family

Fortunately, Hubert seemed satisfied with Wynter. His lecherous gaze never left Wynter  
. Even if she’s a bit unruly, it’s no issue. We can opt for a marriage first and love later ap  
proach, just like the trend in the city these days.’

Confidently, he took a step forward. “Once you’re married into our family, even if I want  
d. to kick you out, you wouldn’t leave. I can provide you with everything you desire.”

The more isolated the location, the deeper corruption tended to run. In Paradise Village,  
the Macintoshes held absolute power. Even if they reached the county level, Hubert co  
uld still hold sway.

“Education, power, and future. Anything you desire,” Hubert said. Being a member of th  
e village council, Hubert was quite persuasive.

With a smile, he glanced at the Jenkins. “I can secure jobs for your entire family, includi  
ng your parents and your younger brother. You can even choose where you want to live  
.”

This  
amounted to securing both their future and a place to live. The Quirks family’s exciteme  
nt was palpable. Dickson and Beny exchanged glances, both elated.

Gary couldn't contain his greed. He pulled at Fanny, urging her, "Mom, you need to convince her! I want to go to the village for school. They have plenty of internet cafes there."

Fanny was tempted. Even if it meant selling her daughter, she was willing to do it. She turned to glare at Wynter, signaling her to speak up. Every move inside the house was visible

to the viewers in the livestream.

Chapter 242 Reporting Then to the Pattee

"The Macintosh family clearly has issues!"

"They're even working in the village coneill This is a big case!"

"@SouthdaleSecurity, I'm reporting Derek Macintosh, the chief of Paradise Village, and Hubert Macintosh for human trafficking and coercion of young girls!"

The Empathy Clinic's viewership surged. The online security team was already well acquainted with Wynter.

As soon as they saw the names, they immediately notified the police. After all, their names were still on the wanted list for major cases.

The viewers in the livestream couldn't fathom Derek's audacity to be involved in such illicit activities so openly. Hubert never imagined he would get himself into such trouble.

Once someone was lured into the village, they couldn't get out.

Moreover, he had just heard from the matchmaker that Wynter had only one elderly grandmother in the city, who was very money-minded. Given the favorable conditions he offered, she would surely agree.

find my offer "How's your consideration going?" Hubert smirked at Wynter. "Do you appealing?"

Wynter's smile deepened. "Where did you get this misplaced confidence from?"

Hubert couldn't believe his ears for a moment, his face stiffening in disbelief.

"This whole 'marriage before love' idea is new to me, and frankly, it's sickening," Wynter coldly remarked. "You ought to take a good, hard look at yourself in the mirror. With you being as old and ugly as you are, what made you think I'd even entertain the idea of marrying you?"

Chapter 243 Caught Red Handed

As soon as those words left Wynter's lips, the atmosphere in the room shifted dramatically. Fanny seethed with rage. Wynter's statement felt like a direct assault on their family's livelihood.

"Shut up!" Fanny lunged forward, aiming to grab Wynter by the hair,

This time, Cheryl didn't intervene. No one dared to speak ill of the Macintoshes in all of Havenlight County, so Wynter was crossing a line.

As Fanny was about to strike, she suddenly felt dizzy, her legs giving out beneath her.

Fortunately, Gary was beside her, catching her just in time. "Mom, are you okay?"

"This bitch has completely rattled my brain." Fanny shook her head, feeling disoriented.

Hubert remained composed, but his eyes darkened. "She's quite feisty, but I like that."

Turning around, he proposed, "Mrs. Quirk, why don't we seal the deal tonight in bed, and save the wedding ceremony for tomorrow?"

Hubert had never encountered a girl like Wynter before. Her demeanor was cold and aloof, piquing his curiosity about whether she would maintain that demeanor even after they slept together.

The thought excited him, and his eyes grew lustful. "Mr. Quirk, do you have a spare room in your house?"

"Indeed, we do," Dickson responded, surprised by Hubert's interest in Wynter.

Cheryl, holding her bag, expressed her dissatisfaction. "Hubert, think this through. We can have anyone we want. Why settle for this ungrateful girl?"

"Aunt Cheryl, don't worry. She'll come around soon enough." Hubert's eyes darkened as he reached out to grab Wynter.

Yarra, worried about Wynter's safety, couldn't hold back any longer and rushed forward, brandishing a kitchen knife.

"Don't you dare touch her!" she yelled.

Hubert let out a scoff. "Isn't this the beauty who just came back from my bed the other day? Get out of the way, I'm not interested in playing with you today."

"Don't come any closer!" Yarra stood in front of Wynter. Her hands were trembling, but her

**wyes** burned with hatred. "Take one more step forward, and I'll kill you!"

new growled, "You easy woman, what nonsense are you spouting?"

"you're too better!" Varta's eyes turned red. "You're all damned beasts!"

Beauty survived, hitting the child in his arms. "Try me. I'll make sure the kid joins you in the

"You! All of you!" Yarra's body trembled. Even if she didn't want to bear his child, it was still her child.

Suddenly, Wynter reached out and grabbed her hand. "It's not worth dirtying your hands for these parasites."

Hubert lost his patience. "When a woman talks too much, sometimes you just have to use

Your fists."

Dickson and Beny immediately understood the hint. Dickson grinned. "Mr. Macintosh, there's no need for fists. Since we're offering her to you, we'll ensure everything's in order. We've dosed her water, so she should be feeling the effects soon enough. Then she'll be begging for you."

"That takes away the thrill." Hubert's gaze turned sinister as he eyed Wynter. "With her fiery temperament, it's more entertaining when she's sober."

As women themselves, Cheryl and Fanny joined in the laughter at these words. "That's right! Hubert, teach her a lesson later!"

"This city girl is too arrogant. She needs to learn her place here!"

The ringing in Yarra's ears intensified, sending her into a panic. She seized Wynter's arm. "You've been drugged! When did this happen? I should've been keeping an eye on you!"

"It was my oversight," Wynter replied casually, her eyes locking onto Hubert's with a cold, eerie gaze. "As a village official, aren't you afraid of being investigated for such deeds?"

you, in Havenlight County,

Hubert unbuttoned his collar. "Let them try. To be honest with you, no one dares to delve too deeply into the Macintosh family affairs."

"Oh." Wynter suddenly raised her hand, a smirk playing on her lips. "Everyone, that's another point against them."

## Chapter 244 Regrets

The people inside the room were still clueless about whom Wynter was talking to. Meanwhile, the chat on the livestream channel was buzzing.

“Stay safe, host!”

Though Wynter’s voice held a hint of amusement, her eyes betrayed no warmth. “Next, I’ll be defending myself. Some scenes aren’t suitable for our viewers, so I’ll be shutting down for now.”

“What?”

“Oh damn, host. Don’t do anything risky! You’ll be in danger!”

“@RiverTour, why haven’t you shown up yet? What are you doing?”

While Wynter talked, she began undoing her buttons.

Hubert, puzzled by her actions, scratched his head. “Are you out of your mind? Why are you talking to yourself?”

However, Fanny’s expression changed abruptly as she remembered something. “You little devil, you were livestreaming just now!”

“Yep.” Wynter, with her long hair, chewed her gum. “Thanks to everyone, the views were “Yep.” Wynter, with her long hair, chewed her pretty good.”

Hubert frowned. “What livestream?”

Dickson wasn’t entirely sure either, so he turned to look at his wife. But Fanny’s face went deathly pale. She was about to say something when suddenly she coughed up blood. Dickson was shocked.

Panic spread among everyone in the room.

“Fanny!”

“Oh my God!”

“What’s happening?”

Fanny didn’t know either. Feeling breathless, her legs were giving way.

“The drug took longer than expected.” Wynter stood confidently, playing with her cherished purple sugilite pendant. “When you came to get me, did you even bother to check my medical skills?”

## Chapter 244 Regrets.

Fanny couldn't find her voice. Her hand was trembling as she reached out. At that moment, Hubert had already figured out what was going on. He exchanged a look with Dicks on, gearing up to take action.

But before he could make a move, Wynter swiftly dodged and delivered a powerful kick with her long legs, her hair flowing gracefully. She didn't hold back on the **force** of the kick.

Hubert's knee cracked audibly as he was kicked, forcing him to kneel on the ground. Dickson tried to move, only to realize that he was experiencing the same symptoms as his wife. He felt too dizzy to muster any strength.

Hubert, now in pain, dropped the cocky demeanor he had moments ago. Cheryl, on the other hand, was even worse off. Her legs were trembling with fear.

"Where did Fanny find such a formidable opponent?"

"Wasn't she just an orphan, with no one to care for her and no background? Wasn't she supposed to be dealt with like any other student before?"

"What's going on now?" Cheryl wondered.

"Why the fuck are you all just standing there? Call for help! Do something!" Hubert yelled. He had never felt so helpless.

Beny wanted to help, but he couldn't even lift his leg. It was as if his feet were glued to the ground.

"You, you ate those noodles and drank the water! How are you okay..." Dickson was struggling to catch his breath.

As Wynter's eyes scanned them, her beautiful face remained serene, but her demeanor had changed.

No longer innocent and naive, she now carried herself like a seasoned mercenary queen, her attitude relaxed.

"Oh, that stuff? I drink it for fun sometimes too. But for you guys, does the taste of poison sit well?"

"Poison?" Beny's face went pale with fear. "Dickson, how does she know about poison?" Dickson was already at a loss for words.

Wynter shrugged nonchalantly. "Don't bother asking him, he's clueless."



Dickson was indeed clueless. If he had known anything, he wouldn't have brought Wynter back from Southdale. Now both Dickson and Fanny were consumed with regret, unable to

## Chapter 245 Grim Reaper

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## Chapter 245 Grim Reaper

Beny clenched his teeth, issuing a warning, "I'm telling you, hand over the antidote now, or you can forget about ever leaving Paradise Village!"

Wynter's smile remained composed as she responded, "Who said I'm leaving? I was actually planning to take a little trip to the village council with that trash."

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What she referred to as "that trash" was none other than Hubert, whom the whole village feared.

Yarra had been stunned into silence since the altercation began, unable to process the unfolding events. Wynter's swift actions had rendered her speechless.

Even someone as cunning as Hubert hadn't managed to stand up yet. Wynter's fighting prowess extended beyond mere technique. She was well-versed in the art of targeting acupuncture points.

Hubert shot Wynter with a glare full of malice. "Do you honestly believe you'll get away with this? I work for the government. You think you won't be taken in **for** hurting me like this?" Wynter sneered back at him, her lips twisting with disdain, "I quite enjoy my trips to the police station. I'm just curious how much of a bounty they'd place on a criminal as disgusting as you.

Despite his rising temper, Hubert maintained his composure. He secretly wished Wynter would take him to the village council to settle the score. That way, even if she had some skills, she wouldn't stand a chance of escaping.

Not to mention, they had already dealt with the rookie who arrived a couple of days ago using their own tactics. Hubert remained silent.

The Quirks household was in chaos. The elderly couple, Priscilla and Nathan emerged from the inner room, their eyes pleading with Wynter. "Please, dear, give the antidote to our son. Yes, he's made mistakes, but they shouldn't cost him his life.

"He's just trying to provide for the family. We hill folks have it tough. I'm begging you, sweetheart!" Tears streamed down Priscilla's face.

Beny's protests continued. "Mom, stop begging her. She's as good as dead!"

"Shut it!" Priscilla reached out as if to grab Wynter's sleeve.

Nathan, however, remained surprisingly calm. He pulled out a whistle hanging around his neck and gave it a sharp blow..

## Chapter 245 Grim Reagan

Immediately, the two wolf like dogs in the yard straightened up with their sleek black fur shining in the night, their eyes glowed with a menacing bloodlust. Their fangs bared. The next moment, they leaped toward the house

Yarra recognized the whistle and shouted a warning, trying to push Wynter away.

But to everyone's surprise, Wynter swiftly turned around and faced the approaching wolf-like dogs with a cold demeanor

Her strikingly beautiful face seemed even more captivating. Her eyes were oddly ringed with a reddish hue.

Right at the doorstep, Wynter emanated a commanding presence and an overwhelming sense of intimidation.

Wynter just stood there, her injured hand outstretched with blood dripping onto the ground. Her long hair flew in the night breeze. She pressed her lips together as she uttered, "Fuck off."

Her voice was so faint that only Yarra could hear.

In the dim light of the night, the two wolf-like dogs charging toward them suddenly stopped in their tracks. As if sensing something dangerous, they hesitated.

When they finally faced Wynter, they crouched down on their hind legs before quickly turning tail and running away. Their fierce growls softened into whimpering cries.

One of them, seemingly afraid of not escaping fast enough, almost tripped over itself in its haste.

These two wolf-like dogs had been raised by the Quirks since they were puppies. The Quirks regularly fed them raw meat to make them aggressive. People in the village would go out of their way to avoid them. Never before had these two dogs displayed such timidity.

Despite Nathan's continuous whistle-blowing, the dogs only ran faster. He called out, "Biggie, Brownie, come back here! Now!"

But they refused to listen. It just proved that sometimes animals' instincts were more accurate than humans'. They knew exactly who to confront and who to avoid. To them, Wynter was no ordinary girl. She was like the Grim Reaper.

## Chapter 246 Cursed

"What a day," Wynter sighed, pulling her gaze away. Standing in the doorway, she was effectively blocking any chance of escape.

Her tone was casual as always. "Alright, let's cut the act. Can someone please tell me where the key to the cellar is?"

Fanny was now barely clinging to life. Regret was evident in her eyes. Nathan scowled, muttering curses at Wynter in their local dialect.

Although Wynter couldn't understand him, she wasn't stupid. She forcefully pulled Nathan over. "You should know."

Gary went berserk. "You dare touch my grandpa! I'll kill you!"

Wynter didn't bother to pay him much attention. She was ready to fight off anyone who came her way.

"You even assault the elderly. You're a despicable human being!" Gary gasped for air as he spoke.

Wynter's voice remained calm as she said, "He's not an elderly man. He's an old scoundrel who's corrupt to the core. Just like your parents, they trafficked people while he bred dogs to attack people. I'm just serving justice."

Nathan's face flushed with anger, his language turning foul, "You little bi..."

Smack! Wynter slapped him across the face and then lifted him with a smirk.

"You've got three seconds. Give me the key. Or else, when your grandson's poison sets in the Quirks family will be history."

As soon as she spoke, Nathan's expression changed drastically. In rural areas, the family legacy was everything.

Priscilla, also kneeling, cried out, "Just give it to her! Gary can't afford any trouble!"

"You don't understand, you old hag. The one locked in the cellar can't be released!"

Nathan was always a strategist. Now, he aimed to stall, hoping the village would notice the unusual occurrences at the home.

Just look at how many times the officials had visited before. He had always managed to keep things concealed.

## Chapter 25

If it weren't for Wynter's unexpected aggression today, he wouldn't have **exposed** himself. After all, he was a well-regarded Samaritan even in the county.

Wynter's patience was wearing thin. "Three, two..."

Before Wynter could count to one, Gary suddenly hugged himself. He was shivering all over like he'd caught a chill.

Nathan spoke in his rural accent. "The key's in my coat pocket!" After saying that, he slumped, defeated.

Having spilled all his secrets, Nathan wondered if it meant the Quirks were done for. He glared with cloudy eyes, still unwilling to accept defeat. He reached for his old flip phone and tried to call for help.

But Wynter promptly kicked it away, shattering the device. Hubert couldn't help but think that the Quirks were fools. If there were any signal in this place, he would have called for help long ago.

Today was just cursed. Nothing seemed to be going right. He couldn't even get up, and there was no chance his aunt would come to his rescue.

Wynter moved fast, taping everyone's mouths shut and locking the door with the key she held. She threw a black bag at Yarra and told her to wait there.

Out of the blue, a little girl holding a stuffed bunny dashed into the yard, asking Yarra, "Why are you and the new girl outside? Where's Grandpa and everyone else?"

The little girl tilted her head, squinting her eyes almost shut. "I know you're trying to sneak out again."

Yarra opened her mouth to reply, but the little girl cut her off. With a sneer, the little girl looked at her. "Give me a dollar, and I won't tell anyone."

Yarra's face turned pale. Pouting, the little girl added, "If you don't give it to me, I'll scream!"

"Hey there, kiddo," Wynter greeted with a friendly smile, waving her over. "I've got more than just money for you. How about some candy?"

The little girl's eyes lit up. "Gosh, city folks are so cool!"

She skipped over to Wynter. Wynter crouched down and placed the candy in her hand. The little girl took the candy and popped it into her mouth.

As she walked away, she thought to herself that she had to hurry back and tell her dad. This

## Chapter 246 Cursed

city girl surely had more than just candy. Once Wynter stayed at Grandpa's house, everything she had would be hers..

## Chapter 247 Rescued the Fifth Son of the Quinnell Family on a Rescue Mission

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### **Chapter 247 Rescued the Fifth Son of the Quinnell Family on a Rescue Mission**

The little girl still had a smile when she turned around, only to suddenly go limp and fall into Wynter's arms. Yarra's eyes widened in shock.

"You drugged her too?" she asked.

"She's six years old. Her values are already formed." Wynter glanced at her. "Some children can be crueler than you think."

Yarra was still hesitating, but Wynter had already started to act. Wynter had studied criminal investigation. In criminal investigations, psychology was an important subject.

There had been cases where villagers surrounded police cars and interfered with arrests. Even when their identities were revealed, some villagers pretended not to hear and criticized

others instead.

Simple kindness and ignorant evil existed in rural areas, especially in a village where wives could be bought with money. This was not the countryside. It was hell.

Even Yarra and Wynter only decided to believe what was happening after they did their investigation. Verification was still needed for the rest of the people, even if they were

children.

The cellar was deep and spacious, with a lower temperature than the surface. The most common items inside were Watermelons, along with some sweet potatoes and potatoes.

Wynter smelled a strong scent of blood as soon as she went in it was easier to find people by following the scent. Turning on her phone, she raised it to take a picture of the far corner.

What came into view was a man shackled with iron chains...his black trench coat was soaked through with blood from his shoulders, and his lips were purple and cracked due to prolonged dehydration.

With the drug he had used, it seemed like Nathan was intending to slowly torture this man to death.

Despite this shackled man's wretched condition, his dark eyes opened when Wynter approached him. They were filled with vigilance as he lifted his head, revealing a handsome, but cold and pale face.

The man's beauty was so striking it felt intimidating and exuded an aura of iron-blooded determination.

Seeing his cold, pale complexion and deep, dark eyes, Wynter, who had come to rescue him,

Chapter 247 Rescued the Fifth Son of the Quinnell Family on a Rescue Mission

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paused for a moment. After all, the calluses on his fingertips were not commonly seen. They were only found in those who frequently wielded guns.

While Wynter was assessing the man, the man was also sizing her up. The six sons of the Quinnell family from Kingbourne each had their strengths.

The eldest, Albert Quinnell, handled the family business negotiations both domestically and internationally.

The other five sons operated in the shadows, their information rarely made known to the public.

The fifth son, Elliot, especially, had joined the military early on. It was said that he

possessed the most beautiful face but remained elusive, as he was either on missions or had run away from home.

The man before her was indeed Ellough he had subdued many with his thunderous methods, he had never expected to fall into the hands of ordinary people.

Elliot would never have been caught off guard if he were facing criminals. Unfortunately, he found himself confronting the very people he was supposed to protect. Elliot had overly high expectations of human nature.

In reality, anyone from out of town would be easily deceived in Paradise Village. It wasn't because the swindlers were exceptionally skilled. The deceived were too "honest and kind."

If one were not a girl, but a grown man, these swindlers wouldn't give them the time of day. They might even warmly welcome the men and introduce them to the local sights.

The swindlers didn't abduct just anyone. They were selective. Those who dressed too conspicuously were avoided. They favored innocent, gentle, and clean-looking female students.

If Elliot hadn't coincidentally rescued Yarra and was just passing through Paradise Village, he wouldn't have noticed any issues in the village at all. No one would have imagined that the entire town was plagued by such practices.

Having now understood the darkness lurking here, Elliot only looked at Wynter impassively as he asked, "Who are you?"

"Your ally," Wynter replied, tugging on the iron chain in his hand. "Like Yarra, I was also a naive student who was abducted and brought here."

Click! With that, the iron shackle opened. Elliot looked at Wynter with his eyebrows raised, wondering about how she said she was a naive student.

## Chapter 248 Escape From the Village Elliot

Wynter ignored the look on his face as she pulled him along. "It might hurt a bit," she informed in a calm voice, "so bear with it."

There was a loud crack before Elliot could react. Wynter had set Elliot's broken arm back in place. Elliot broke out in a cold sweat, his eyebrows furrowed. Seeing this, Wynter couldn't help but admire the man's endurance.

Former soldiers were indeed built differently, as any ordinary person would have perished long ago in such an environment.

Even if he weren't slowly dying, his shoulder injury would have caused him to suffer from recurrent high fevers due to infection.

The truth was that Elliot's body temperature was already too high. It was only his strong will that kept him going. Wynter had simply given him leverage, and he used that strength to escape from the cellar.

Upon coming out, instead of Yarra, Elliot immediately noticed the girl lying next to the cellar. He could have escaped with Yarra.

Just as they were leaving the village, he encountered the little girl and gave her a bag of chocolate chips. If it had been an adult, Elliot would have made sure they wouldn't reveal his

whereabouts.

This girl, however, was barely six years old. He couldn't bring himself to harm her because of her innocent smiling face that reminded him of his younger sister. In the end, he was surrounded by villagers near the mountain stream.

Noticing him staring at the girl, Wynter raised an eyebrow and asked, "What's the matter? Do you know her?"

"I learned my lesson," Elliot replied, his tone heavy,

The Quinnell family's upbringing had always been upright. Even though Elliot understood human nature, it was hard for him to accept the fact that such a young girl had been made a monster by the village's culture.

Wynter glanced at the girl's wristwatch and pursed her lips.

"Looks like the villagers here have got some money. We need to leave quickly. There's no signal here. Her family will come looking for her if they can't reach her."

"People are guarding the village entrance," Elliot mentioned.

Chapter 248 Escape From the Village Elliot

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Being the clever man he was, he understood what Wynter **meant** as soon as **she** said those words especially considering the villagers' previous actions were **still** fresh in his mind.



Every family here was unusually united, but that unity was for evil, not good.

"It's okay." Wynter suddenly smiled. "We have a special pass."

Before Elliot could understand what she meant, Wynter dragged Hubert **out of** the house and threw him into **the** trunk of the Mercedes.

Elliot had seen Hubert before. His eyes darkened **at** the sight of the man. "I don't think t his is useful in any **way**."

"His identity will come in handy," Wynter replied before looking at Yarra. "Do you trust m e?"

Yarra's head bobbed up and down vigorously. Wynter then pulled her child out and propped her long leg against the car door.

"Sit in the back. Act like you're one of his two women," she instructed.

Yarra's face was pale. She didn't even have time to react when Wynter stuffed Cheryl in to the

driver's seat.

"Mrs. Macintosh."

Wynter asked in a quiet voice, "The Macintosh family is filthy rich. You should know how to drive, yes?"

Chery couldn't understand what Wynter was thinking at all. She stuttered, "I-I can."

"Then drive well." Wynter sat beside her with a smile. "Don't be nervous. Show me that gusto you had when you looked down on me earlier."

Cheryl's jaw fell. "I- I was wrong. I don't know anything. Miss, please listen to me. It was all Fann y's doing. She wanted to deceive you. The Macintosh family would never force anyone to do anything. Really!"

"Mrs. Macintosh." Wynter interrupted her, laughter in her voice. "Everyone wants to marry into the Macintosh family, including me. You ought to do this well. You saw how bad my temper can be. I m ight throw a tantrum if you don't meet my expectations."

Cheryl shuddered at those words. "I'll do my best!"

"Chin up. Act haughty. That's more like it," Wynter instructed as her finger tapped. ' Alri ght. Let's go."

## Chapter **249** The Macintosh Family **Is** Doomed **Wynter** and **Elliot Have** Chemistry

Cheryl only realized what Wynter was planning after she started driving. The injured man held onto Yarra by pretending to be a “soldier”. Through the car window, no one outside could tell who he was.

It was just a small mountain village, but there were three checkpoints. Yarra had taken a year to pass through these checkpoints.

The first two were manageable. However, the last one had a sharp-eyed guard who peered into the car. Remembering that not this many members from the Macintosh family had gone in, he reached out to stop them.

Yarra turned pale when she saw this. Wynter, on the other hand, casually spoke up.

“Stop the car. Bite his head off.”

Cheryl’s hand shook. “W–What?” she choked.

“Curse at him just like you would if someone blocked your way on a regular day.” Synter raised her chin slightly.

Cheryl looked at Wynter’s icy gaze and saw her playing with that purple pendant. She thought of using this opportunity to ask for help when Wynter suddenly warned her, “The poison in you will take effect in five minutes. If you don’t want to end up like Fanny, you better behave, Mrs. Macintosh.”

Cheryl jerked and immediately rolled down the car window, yelling loudly at the villa guard.

‘Are you blind? Is it me or the Macintosh family’s car that you have failed to recognize?’

Upon seeing her, the elderly villager instantly bowed. Stopping the car for inspection? He didn’t even dare waste another second!

“I’ll press the lever right now!”

At the same time, the little girl hadn’t returned home, and no one answered when her family called her on the watch. Her anxious grandparents put on their shoes to go to their relatives’

house.

“Why is it so quiet in the yard?”

“Where are Biggie and Brownie?”

The old couple muttered as they walked until they reached the front of the house where they saw the door tied up.

## Chapter 240 The Macintosh Family Is Doomed Wynter and Elliot Have Chemistry

They couldn't help but frown. When **they** went around to the other side and looked in through the window, the looks on their faces fell.

Her grandfather immediately pressed the village alarm, while **the** grandmother shouted even louder. “Such blasphemy! Who hurt my babies in our house? It must be that slut Yarra! Hurry, call someone. Drag her back and break **her** legs!”

At the moment the alarm sounded, Yarra and Elliot tightened their grip simultaneously. Wynter, who hadn't heard this alarm before, didn't know what it meant.

Yarra, on the other hand, had heard it many times. Every time the alarm went off, it meant someone was on the run. Apart from her, there were also other students in the village. Some went mad because they couldn't endure it.

Some had stopped trying to get away a long time ago. Just like a tree, they had taken root in the village and sprouted.

Yarra couldn't control the trembling of her shoulders when she heard the alarm. She was petrified. She was afraid of being caught and subjected to further torture. More than that, she was afraid of... becoming like the villagers.

The old villager also heard the alarm. There had always been a rule in the villa. When the alarm sounded, no one was allowed to leave the village. He hesitated, looking toward Cheryl's direction.

Cheryl's eyes were already wandering. When she looked over, she almost blew Wynter and the others' cover. She would have definitely said something if it weren't for the acupoint on

her waist.

“You know the rules of the village, ma'am. Would you like to wait a bit?” the old villager asked, bowing.

It was Wynter who spoke up this time, her voice charmingly playful.

“Mr. Albert, it seems someone doesn't want you to marry me. How about I don't marry you?”

Elliot had heard Hubert speak before. Lowering his voice until it sounded gruff, coupled with the smell of alcohol in the car, he slurred, "Which blind bastard is it? Lemme see his face! I'll fuck him up!"

The old villager was frightened almost immediately. He wouldn't dare provoke Hubert. The last person from the neighboring village who got in the way of Hubert having a "good time" was still recuperating from a broken leg!

"Please don't be angry, Mr. Hubert. Have a safe journey..."

## Chapter 249 The Macintosh Family Is Doomed Wynter and Elliot Have Chemistry

The two of them sure had chemistry, cooperating seamlessly even without a plan.

**Even** Elliot himself didn't understand why he, who had always been so cautious, would trust Wynter so much. From the moment he saw her, he **felt** a sense of closeness to her. He even felt so at ease he closed his eyes...

Under the night sky, the iron gate rose, and the Mercedes drove out **of** Paradise Village. At this moment, the members **of** the Macintosh family in Paradise Village were still preparing for the wedding night.

Derek sat in the center with a smile on his face for the joyous occasion. Late to updates, he

was unaware that Paradise Village was already abuzz online! Everyone knew about what was happening there!

## Chapter 250 Havenlight County Wants to Stall for Time to Save Someone In Their Dreams

Havenlight County's attempt to turn a blind eye was simply not feasible. The impact was too significant **to** suppress.

Garfield, the person in charge of Havenlight County, was sweating profusely, racking his brains for a solution as he rushed toward Paradise Village.

Sitting beside him was Ryan, who was equally anxious. He looked at Garfield and exclaimed, "Mr. Wade, I asked you about this couple before, but you assured me that they were not a problem."

Garfield's expression changed as guilt washed over him. "I didn't know they were involved in this kind of business," he replied.

"In that case, you should at least know the situation in the town you oversee!" Ryan went straight to the point. "Ms. Quinnell's last lead was cut off in your county!"

"I didn't understand too at first." His voice was cold. "Now, I understand why there hasn't been any progress in the investigation. The culture in your county and your tolerance are the biggest obstacles!"

Wanting to play the innocent card, Garfield spoke in an official tone. "Mr. Lloyd, you mustn't generalize. Things are not as you imagine. We haven't reached Paradise Village yet. We need to hear from the parties involved."

"The parties involved?" Ryan struck back decisively. "Mr. Wade, are you disconnected from the internet or blind? The whole internet knows about Hubert's behavior from the live broadcast! The Hubert Macintosh whom you are supporting!"

Garfield could only wipe his sweat with a handkerchief. He had feared this exact situation.

Everything else could be smoothed over or explained with an excuse. After all, the law tended to be lenient, especially since it was just farmers who deceived a girl.

The matter could have been resolved with a simple apology to the girl followed by having her sent home. Everything would have been fine... if the live broadcast didn't happen!

Garfield's grip tightened. He still didn't know how that young lady managed to start the live broadcast.

"I will give the public an explanation." Being the shrewd man he was, Garfield put on an act. "Mr. Lloyd, saving lives is our priority now!"

Ryan knew that titles didn't hold much weight in rural areas. Although Garfield wasn't a good person, he was still useful at the moment.

After all, Ryan was just a businessman. He didn't want to confront the county official directly. Fearing that his younger **sister's** innocence might be at risk if they delayed any longer, he leaned forward, urging the driver, "Faster! Drive faster!"

"Safety first, sir. There's fog on the mountain," the driver replied.

Meanwhile, Garfield was eager to resolve the situation as soon as possible. After all, a young girl who was inexperienced in the ways of the world wouldn't want the world to know that she had been bedded. She would have felt the resistance if she hadn't been taken to bed.

However, the matter would be easier to resolve if she had done the deed. The Macintosh family only needed to prepare the money.

Garfield was confident the broadcaster wouldn't continue stirring the pot, as it wouldn't benefit anyone.

He had already planned to start with the "deceived girl." As long as he could persuade her and remind her of the consequences, she would avoid a lifetime of shame. After all, no in-law would want a woman who had lost her innocence.

Garfield had it all thought out. However, his phone rang before the car even reached the village. It was a call from Lucas himself. The tone of Lucas' voice sent chills down Garfield's spine even through the phone.

"Mr. Wade, you'd better pray that the girl who was broadcasting hasn't gotten into trouble yet and that her innocence is still intact. This is my warning to you.

"I'm sure you're thinking protecting the Macintosh family is your only hope for salvation. And don't count on the teacher. He's with Jackson now.

"I can even tell you that the girl is Jackson's designated successor. **If** you want to live, don't drag things out and rescue her as soon as possible."